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A Talisman.

Take Temperance to thy breast,
While yet is the hour of choosing,
As arbitress exquisite
Of all that shall thee betide;
For better than Fortune's best
Is mastery in the using,
And sweeter than anything sweet
The art to lay it aside.

Getting Ahead of the Girls.

BY E. H. STRATTON.

"Did you see that story about the girls who adopted a grandmother?" asked George Fames of the group seated upon the river-bank, engaged in skipping stones across the shining water.

"Yes, and every word of it is true. The folks live where Aunt Jane used to, and she knows all about it," answered Cyrus Woodman, soberly.

"Oh, I didn't think it was true. But it was good of the girls to do it," mused Charlie Adams.

"Ye-e-es," admitted Ben Adams, loath to give credit to the girls. "Yes, it is a good thing for the old lady who was adopted."

"What makes stories always tell what girls do? Don't boys ever do anything worth telling about?" demanded Cy, skipping a stone with unusual energy.

"Not very often—not that way," answered George, soberly. "I guess girls do more thinking along that line than we do. But I have gone over the ground several times since I read that story, and I have come to the conclusion that we can beat that grandmother business out and out if we try."

"How?" asked Charlie. "I don't know of any grandfather around here that I am anxious to adopt."

"No? Well, you don't have to do that exactly. There's that empty cottage of father's, with an acre of land covered by fruit trees. It could be made just like a park in summer. Father was going to tear it down, but, when I told him my plan, he looked a little queer at first, then he said he'd give a free deed of the place, just as soon as we had things in prime working order. He wants to know that we mean business and will stick to it, you see. We need three or four more boys, for we shall want ten workers. I know our mothers will help furnish what rooms we need, and we can do all the papering and painting ourselves."

"Well, what's the plan? You always begin at the wrong end to tell a story. Let's have it," cried Ben, impatiently.

"We will have an 'Old Man's Club-room,'" George announced impressively. "People about town will give us books and papers after they are read at home. We will have games, and have the cottage warmed and lighted every evening. There are a dozen old men in this town who have no homes or friends, and boarding houses are not always

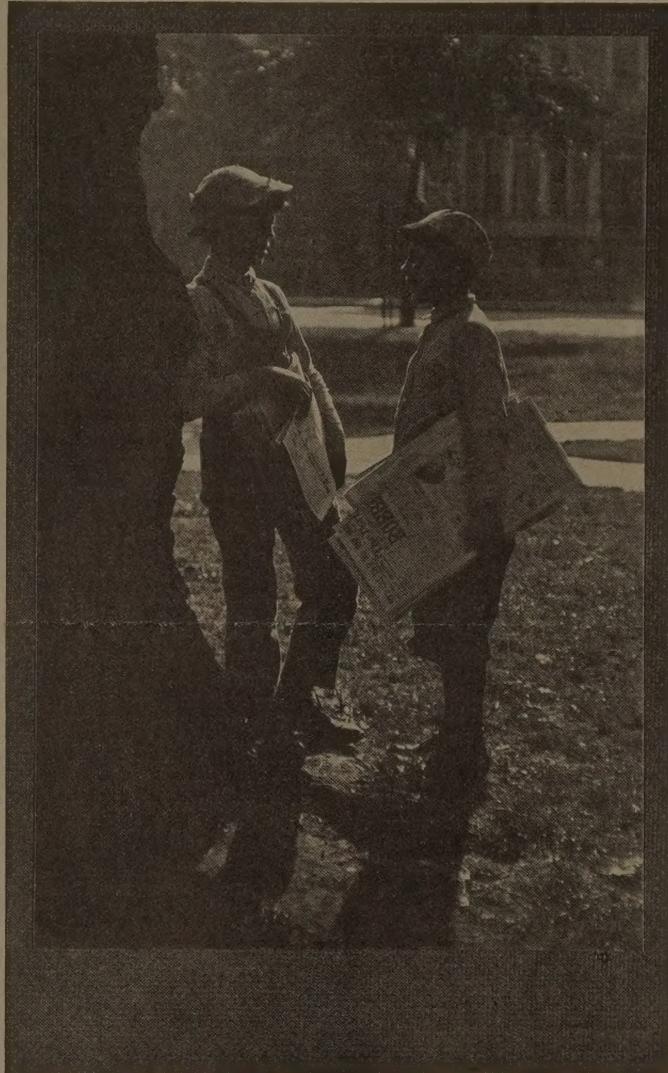


Photo by Susai Itow.

"Even the newsboys stopped on the street to talk of the new club."

pleasant places. They spend their evenings at the saloon for want of a better place. Most of them are Civil War soldiers, and a good share of their pension money goes into Pat Dillon's till. Now if they had a pleasant place to spend their evenings in, with hot coffee and a nice lunch, maybe they'd forget to patronize that saloon—see?"

"Who will furnish the coffee and lunch?" asked Cy.

"We will—until the village folks get interested enough to help us out. It is only a question of time till we can get money at interest, if we work for it. Plenty of the town's people will subscribe to a thing that is smoothly running," was the confident

reply. "Boys' work is always wanted. Oh, I've figured out the expense, and we can do it if we will."

"I'd like to—just to get even with those girls," said Ben.

"Well?" asked George with a look at the others.

"I'll do my part," said Cy.

"So will I," added Charlie.

"And I," said the others.

"Then I'll tell father to-night and we will begin to-morrow morning. See how many boys you can get to help, for if we have more than ten the easier for all of us," was the order as they separated.

The idea spread like wild-fire. Some

laughed at it and called it a boyish freak, but many gave the help that was so needed. A month later the weather-beaten cottage was gay in a coat of shining paint, with a flag-pole bearing the glorious Stars and Stripes at the peak of the roof, and the golden letters "Old Man's Club-room" across the front. The front door bore "Welcome" across its frosted glass, and the sitting-rooms within made the word good. There was a bright fire in the open fireplace; a bookcase well filled with books; papers, magazines, and games upon the tables; while a fragrant smell of coffee came from the kitchen whenever the door was opened by the busy boys.

In the dining-room a long table was simply set, a few pictures adorned the wall, and chairs were plenty, although of different patterns. The kitchen had a cook stove which had done service elsewhere as long as its baking capacity lasted, but which now looked almost new in the shining coat of blacking, vigorously applied by boyish hands, a wood-box well filled with wood, a pine table, and a sink—that was all.

"I think we have a pretty good start," exclaimed Cy, enthusiastically. "The chairs are strong if they are not alike. Wood is cheaper than coal, for we can go into the woods and cut it. The dishes are of all patterns, like the chairs, and nicked perhaps, but they'll do till we can get more, and no one will notice that the knives and forks are steel if we keep them bright. We can't get everything in a minute. I think we have done very well."

And so thought the dozen old men who answered the invitation to that first "Club night." They came with curiosity and some hesitation, only to depart with enthusiasm and impatiently await the next meeting.

"One real Club night in a week is all we can do now, but the cottage will be warmed and lighted for you every night," said George. "Isn't it better than the saloon?"

"Good enough, Sonny, good enough!" answered Bill Dawson as spokesman of the party. "If you can take all this trouble for us I guess we will keep you from being ashamed and sorry. We all understand—bless you."

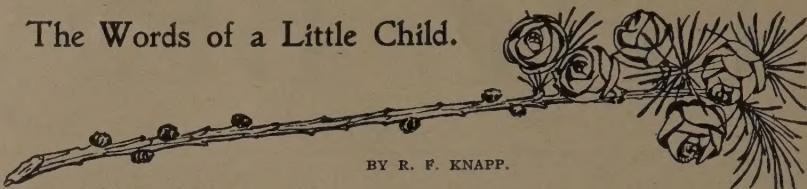
The Club was soon organized under proper rules, and the deed of the cottage to "The Old Man's Club" hung on the wall. Beside it hung a framed resolution that the boys of B— would work to maintain it, they and those "who should come after them." The newspapers gave attractive accounts of the opening, and praised the boys for their enterprise. Public opinion was stirred. Even the newsboys stopped on the street to talk of the new club. Visitors increased, and many who came left sums of money "to help keep things humming." The scheme was a success.

Unappreciated.

The people who are always grumbling because their sacrifices are not appreciated, lay themselves open to the suspicion that they are not really unselfish, but that their kindness is a sort of barter, for which they desire payment in the coin of gratitude. The rose pours out its fragrance because that is its nature, not for the sake of getting a return in admiration.

The Girls' Companion.

The Words of a Little Child.



BY R. F. KNAPP.

THEY were seated at the table,—John Sherman and his wife and six-year-old Reta.

"Too bad about that Bently fellow," John remarked. "He's going to the bad about as fast as any fellow ever went, since his mother died."

"What a pity!" sighed Mrs. Sherman.

"Nell, I believe that fellow has as good a heart as anybody down underneath. Nobody'd suspect it, though. Everybody's down on him, and the poor chap has got discouraged, and that's the way it goes. I saw him yesterday—he didn't know there was any one around—pull an old faded picture from his pocket; 'twas one of his mother, taken years ago. I know there were tears in his eyes when he turned round, though he tried to make out it was only a cold, and I pretended I didn't notice. No one can convince me that he hasn't got a heart, but the way to find it and save him is the question."

Reta was apparently busy with her dinner, but she had heard and comprehended every word. Bert Bently was getting bad—her Bert. He used to play with her and tell her stories when he lived in the house next door. But now he had moved to another part of the town, and she didn't know where to find him.

But Bert must be saved; he could be saved,—her papa had said so,—and she must try to find some way to do it.

"Papa, will you take me to the shop with you this afternoon?" she asked.

"Why, Reta, why do you want to go? What would you do when you got there?"

"I'd watch you work. You promised to take me some time, you know."

"Let's see; this is Saturday, and I'll be home early. Yes, you may go with me, Pet."

For an hour Reta played with the blocks of wood scattered about the shop while her father was busy at his machine; then, coming to his side, and speaking loud so that she might be heard above the noise, she said, "I think I'll go over and see Mr. Bert a little while."

"All right, Girlie. Be careful about the machine. Tell Bert to take good care of my little girl."

Bert was planing pieces of lumber, and for a moment did not notice his caller.

"Why, Reta Sherman; upon my word! What are you doing here? Going to learn the furniture business?"

"No, I'm just here to call on you for a little while."

For some minutes she was busy picking up the long curling shavings as they fell. "It isn't so noisy over here in your corner as it is where my papa works," she said, looking over to where her father's machine was thump-thump-thumping out its work. Before he could reply she continued, "Mr. Bert, I guess I'll tell you now what I came here to call on you for. I wanted to ask you to please be a good man like you used to be before God took your mamma away."

For an instant Bert felt as though some

one had dealt him a blow. It was a full minute before he spoke.

"I guess I'm good enough, little girl," he said in a strange kind of voice.

"Oh, but you're not; my papa said so, and he's dreadfully worried about you. He said you'd got a good heart, if anybody could only find it, and I'm trying to find it, 'cause papa said he didn't know how."

Bert's first impulse was to take little Reta in his arms, and tell her how lonely his life had been of late, because he had thought there was no one now who cared. But he smothered the impulse, and answered, almost gruffly, "Never mind about finding my heart; maybe, after all, I haven't got any."

Reta's lips quivered. "Mr. Bert" had never spoken to her in that tone before.

"I guess I'll go back to my papa," she said, and started to cross the long room.

How did it happen? It was all over so quickly that Bert scarcely knew. Just a mis-step, a stumble, and then—with a leap he had snatched her away from the great machine not a second too soon. He was all a-tremble as he placed her in her father's arms and then strode back to his work.

"It's a good thing you hadn't been drinking this morning, old boy, or you couldn't have done that," came to his ears as he passed old Mike's bench.

John Sherman, at the other end of the room, had not seen the occurrence, and so was not aware of his child's narrow escape until one of his fellow-workmen told him.

"Bert Bently saved my Reta! I thought he was just bringing her over for fear she'd get lost," and he walked quickly across to Bert's side. Reta was still in his arms, too frightened to speak.

"Bert," he began, but before he could say more, Bert spoke.

"Don't thank me, John. It's enough to know that you care a little about me. It's given me heart to try again, now that I know everybody isn't against me."

"Please shake hands with me, too, Mr. Bert," Reta's voice spoke up. "I'm glad you're going to be a good man, now. I'm glad I came to call on you."

"So am I, little girl." There was a quiver in the voice which answered, but John Sherman knew, and Reta knew, that Bert meant every word which he said.

Which Way are You Going?

"ANYTHING can drift downstream," said a teacher to his class of boys, "but it takes power to go against the current."

He told how people tried to get Mr. Bryan to serve wine at a banquet, and how he wouldn't do it, no matter what they said. "Bryan is a current-breasting steamer in the temperance cause," he declared, "and so are President Wilson and Vice-President Marshall. Follow their example of courage, and you'll never be a drifting raft on the stream."

Sunday School Times.

The Real Joy.

THE joy is in the doing,
Not in the deed that's done;
The swift and glad pursuing,
Not the goal that's won.

The joy is in the seeing,
Not in what we see;
The ecstasy of vision,
Far, and clear, and free.

The joy is in the singing,
Whether hard or no;
The poet's wild, sweet rapture
And song's divinest flow.

The joy is in the being;
Joy of life and breath,
Joy of soul triumphant,
Conqueror of death.

Is there a flaw in the marble?
Sculptor, do your best;
The joy is in the endeavor;
Leave to God the rest!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

Fun—for the Boys.

BY KILBOURNE COWLES.

THE moment the ship's kindly old surgeon saw her he knew it was not seasickness that made her cling so limply to the rail as she waved farewell to New York. But he paused in his walk down the deck, and said with gentle firmness, "You're feeling the motion of the boat, my dear young lady. Won't you let me help you to your stateroom?"

"Oh, I'm not ill. I feel awfully jolly, even if I am leaving home." The girl laughed a silly laugh which suddenly turned into equally meaningless tears.

"There, you see you aren't well." The ship's surgeon smiled into the young face, now distorted from its usual prettiness. "'Tis one of the rules of the ship that when the doctor says a lady is ill, she is ill, and she must go directly to her stateroom." This whimsical statement was made so impressively that she obediently laid her hand on his proffered arm and with somewhat faltering steps accompanied him to the door of her own cabin, where he left her with strict injunctions to go right to bed and not to get up until break fast time.

The next morning, as he was making his rounds, the ship's surgeon paused at a steamer chair which had been drawn into a secluded corner of the deck and on which lay a pale and sad-eyed young woman.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye," he cried gayly. "I hope you are feeling quite well to-day."

"Oh, doctor, I'm feeling very bad—very much ashamed. You were so good to me yesterday afternoon that I wish to tell you—tell you how it happened."

"You don't need to, my dear young lady. I know it was all a mistake."

"It was—a dreadful, cruel mistake, but it will make me happier if you let me tell you about it. I'm a country girl, but I've been a stenographer in New York for four years and I've done so well in my business that I've been able to save up for this little holiday trip abroad. The firm gave me ten weeks' leave and two months' salary. Every one in the office has been so kind to me that I felt that all the staff were my friends, and when some of the 'boys,' as we call the outside men



SOME AMERICAN TRAVELERS IN INDIA.

A Brahmo Girls' School in India.

Part III.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

ITHINK the boys and girls of America will be surprised to learn how the girls of the Brahmo school in Calcutta come to school in the morning and go home at night. The school has to have them brought and returned in big closed carriages or "busses." Why? What is the reason that those who live near enough to the school to do so, cannot walk, as American girls would do? It is because a great many of the people foolishly think that women and girls should never be seen on the street. The Brahmox themselves hold no such silly idea, and are doing all they can to teach people how silly it is, but so many other people hold it that the school (like nearly all other girls' schools in this part of India) has to be to the expense of providing closed carriages. Of course this applies only to the day scholars, not to those who live in the school buildings.

There is one very sad thing that I must tell you about the girls of India. It is that most of them are compelled to marry so very young. It has long been the evil custom of the country for parents to get their daughters married by the time they are ten or twelve years old, and sometimes much younger, and their sons by the time they are fourteen or fifteen. Of course the children that marry so early as this do not live together until they are a little older; but they ought not to be married so young anyway. You will be surprised to know that in this very school which we are visiting there is a little girl of eleven (a Hindu, not a Brahmo) who has been married half a year. The teachers are all very sorry for her, and I think most of her schoolmates are, too. You will be glad to be told that the school is doing all it can, and that all the Brahmox in India are doing all they can, to persuade the people of the country that this practice of so early marriages is very bad, and ought to be given up.

What is the religion of the girls in this school? Is it like ours? In the case of some

Sunday-school News.

UNDER the superintendence of Miss Frances Dadmun the school at Watertown opened on September 27 with a Rally Day service. There was a good attendance, and a fine spirit of earnestness and reverence was manifest. In addition to the words of welcome from its superintendent and its minister, the editor of *The Beacon* was given an opportunity to speak to the school.

A teacher in the Denver Sunday school tells of the good use she found for some left-over copies of our paper:

"To-day I found three copies of *The Beacon* of Sunday, June 7, 1914, in the Sunday-school room. On page 184 was a beautiful little prayer. I sent these copies to girls who live in North Carolina. Two work in the knitting mills. They have lost their mother, and I am sure they will profit by that beautiful prayer."

it is very much like ours; in the case of others it is very different.

Some of the girls are Hindus. Hindus do not believe in just one God, one God only, a good and loving Heavenly Father, as we do; but in many gods, some of them good and some of them bad. They make images of their gods, called idols, which they worship. The way they worship is by bathing the images or idols, and by placing food and flowers before them.

Some of the girls are Mohammedans. Mohammedans believe in only one God. In this respect they are like us. But they get the teachings of their religion not from Jesus or from our Bible, but out of a book called the Koran, which they think was a revelation from God made to their great prophet Mohammed.

A few of the girls are Christians, orthodox Christians, who believe much as orthodox Christians, such as Methodists and Presbyterians and Episcopalians, do in America.

The rest of the girls are Brahmos. Their parents belong to the Brahmo Somaj, and their religion is much like that of Liberal Christians. I mean Unitarians or Universalists.

Do the Hindu girls study and recite and play by themselves, and the Mohammedan girls by themselves, and the Christian and Brahmo girls by themselves? Oh, no; all sit together, recite together, and play together, and try to be friends. This is the best way. People should never let their religion make them enemies.

Do the teachers in this Brahmo school, then, think that one religion is just as good as another,—that Mohammedanism and Hinduism are as good as their own Brahmo faith? No; they believe that their own beautiful religion, Brahmoism, or Unitarianism (the faith that God is the Heavenly Father of all men and that all men are brothers), is the best religion in the world. Therefore they would like to have everybody in India become Brahmos, just as we would like to have everybody in America become Unitarians. But they know, as we also know, that the way to make people become Brahmos or Unitarians is not to hate them, or be unfriendly to them, or call them bad names, but to be loving and kind to them, and try to do them good. This spirit of love and kindness is the spirit that is cultivated everywhere in the school. Don't you think it is a beautiful spirit?

Before closing I have one more thing to tell, and perhaps the most interesting of all. The Lady Principal introduces us to three girls in the school whose tuition, she tells us, is being paid by Unitarian Sunday schools in America. Would you like to know their names? They are Ushabala Sen, Lilamayi Chakravasti, and Prithimayi Chaudhuri.

We are glad to see these girls that our Sunday schools are helping, and we like their appearance very much. The Lady Principal tells us that they are among the brightest and most faithful scholars in the school; indeed she says that Beacon Scholarships are never given to any except those who, in addition to being very poor, are also good girls and diligent and excellent students. We inquire about the fathers of these girls, and find that one is a Brahmo minister, but all are so poor that they could not send their daughters to school were it not for these scholarships. The Principal, the teachers, and Mrs. Bose all tell us how very grateful the girls and their fathers are for the help they receive.

You must not understand that these three girls are the only ones who are being helped in India by Beacon Scholarships. Besides these there are several other girls and several boys. Perhaps I can tell about them at some other time.

It is hard for us in America to realize how many thousands of bright children there are in India who very much want an education, but who cannot get it because their parents are so very poor. What would American boys and girls think if their fathers could get only 10 or 12 cents a day for their work, and had to support their families on that? Could they send their children to school and pay their expenses? But in India there are millions of faithful, hard-working fathers, who love their children, but who receive no more than that for their labor. I wish all the Unitarian Sunday schools in America could know how much good the scholarships for education in India are doing.

Now our visit to the Brahmo Girls' School in Calcutta is over. I hope all the readers of *The Beacon* have become interested in it. I hope, too, that next year there will be many more poor Indian girls able to attend the school through the aid of new Beacon Scholarships.

Foursquare.

THE strength that faces foursquare,
How good it is to see!
It lifts its own hard burdens
And bears them silently.

It puts its sturdy shoulder
Beneath its neighbor's load;
It spreads its shield above the weak,
Along the wearying road.

It stands forever for the right,
With valiant sword, and free:
The strength that faces foursquare
How good it is to see!

PRISCILLA LEONARD,
in the Wellspring.

Reforming Billy.

WELL, I guess he is a splendid-looking fellow!" Thus Aunt Martha gave hearty assent to her guest's remark, while at the same time he responded with manifest pleasure to the greeting of the young man driving past. "Remember Lucindy Reed? Well, it's her boy—Billy Judson."

"But didn't I hear—" Then the visitor hesitated.

"Most likely you did!" said Aunt Martha, promptly. "One time everybody'd give Billy up for lost—even that scheming Filkins girl that had her eye on the old Judson place wouldn't have him round."

"One day Cyrus and I were coming from Brusselville—remember the state road goes right by the Judson place? 'Billy Judson ain't much bothered nowadays with old friends dropping in,' says Cyrus, slowing up, 'but I d'know as I'd ought to ask you, Martha—'

"'Pshaw!' says I, and we hitched and went in.

"I'd all I could do to keep from crying,—he favored his mother so,—and glasses and two big bottles right there on the setting-room table! But Billy was real hospitable; you c'd see what good blood he had, spite of everything. And he was glad to see us, too."

"We sat chatting, comfortable enough, when Billy actually asked Cyrus to 'join him'! Guess he was nervous-like and didn't know what he was up to, poor boy!

"And he actually set out the tumblers—Cyrus not saying a word.

"That's genuine '1812,'" Uncle Cy, he says—or mebby 'twas '1776,' for I never could remember hist'ry, and 'tain't likely I'd remember whisky dates! 'Better try it,' he says, his eyes all twinkly; 'it improves with age.'

"So I've heerd," says Cyrus, thoughtful-like, taking up the glass. 'An' you'd ought to know, anyhow, Billy.' Billy looked at him.

"Billy," says Cyrus, quick like that, 'Billy, s'pose you and me let it go right on *improving with age*?"

"It must have been a full minute they stood looking straight at each other—you could have heard my heart beat!

"You're the only man hereabouts," begins Billy, finally, 'that hasn't come here delivering lectures on temperance—'

"I ain't much on lecturing," says Cyrus.

"No, doing is your line. But now, when nobody else comes here, *you come*—he laughed a little,—presenting the idea of letting it go on improving! Look here, Uncle Cyrus, I've a mind to promise—'

"Then I jest broke right in. 'And whatever else they say,' says I, 'nobody can say that Lucindy Reed's boy ever broke his promise!'

"Thank you, Aunt Martha!" says Billy, his blue eyes flashing. And then first thing I knew,—as well's I could see for tears,—Billy and Cyrus were shaking hands like they'd jest met after years and years.

"That was three years ago come October—and plenty of girls now are admiring the old Judson place.

"Afterwards, Squire Peters said, disgusted-like, 'W'y, every respectable man most, hereabout, had argued temperance to Billy Judson for a year or more. Then in walks Cy Hitchcock with one of his *jokes*, and the boy up and reforms!'

"But 'twan't the joke." Aunt Martha spoke earnestly. "All them fine and noble things in Cyrus Hitchcock, down in under his joking ways, had been speaking to Billy for years, and finally he heard the message—poor boy, growing up without any father or mother! No, 'twan't the joke did it, 't all.' Youth's Companion.

A Book Worth Knowing.

IT is a happy privilege to call attention, in this special number of *The Beacon*, to a book by one of our ministers, Dr. Joseph Henry Crooker, entitled *Shall I Drink?* Its three hundred pages discuss the problem of intemperance from a fresh and interesting point of view. Many important facts are given from medical records, insurance requirements, and industrial conditions. The presentation is at once scholarly and popular. Colored charts and diagrams add much to the attractiveness and value of the book. Our young readers will be glad to know that Dr. Crooker is president of the Unitarian Temperance Society; and they will take delight in his vigorous and picturesque style, his enthusiasm, his ripe knowledge, won through years of study and observation on this subject.

Shall I Drink? By Joseph Henry Crooker. Cloth, illustrated, 300 pp. Price, \$1. By mail, \$1.10. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

For the Quiet Hour.

THE STEADFAST WILL.

COMPILED BY REV. WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Who hath a harder battle than he who strives for self-mastery? Who hath a nobler victory than the man who conquers himself?

Who liveth bravely? He who fears nothing but to do wrong. Who liveth greatly? He who adorns each day with victories over himself. Temperance, courage, and love are made up of little self-masters. Who liveth in freedom? He who has learned to do that which he does not want to do, because it is right.

For free he is, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
By fortune undismayed,
Hath power upon himself to be
By self obeyed.

Prayer.

FOR this body of ours, so wonderfully made, we thank thee, our Father. For the voice within us which bids us do right and yet leaves us free; for our power to obey the voice; for the angel of shame that besets us when we do not obey it, we thank thee, our Father. The voice and the power and the angel, they all are from thee. May we learn to say, What we ought, we can; what we can, God helping, we will. May we learn to be unafraid of anything but to do wrong. May we learn to mount by temptations. May we remember them that are in bonds as bound with them, and learn to bear one another's burdens in the spirit of Christ. May we be humble and faithful and loving, until we are fitted for service. Then use us, O Father, even us, for thy own blessed ends. Amen.

Jerry the Fisherman.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

JERRY had always longed to be a famous fisherman, and when the family decided to camp on the shores of a little lake last summer, he was perfectly delighted.

"Now, Mother," he said proudly, "you won't have to buy a single fish all summer long. I'll catch all that we can possibly eat. Then maybe I'll sell the rest, and buy a fine, new, jointed fish-pole in the fall."

But some way the fish in that lake didn't seem to want to be caught. Did you ever hear of any other fish that had such queer ideas as that?

Jerry would sit for hours and hours on the edge of the bank with his little fish-line dangling in the water till his arms got tired; but for days and days he never got a nibble. Then one day he came home with a tiny little baby fish about five inches long. Mother promised to have it cooked for his supper; but after it was cleaned, there was really only enough for a nice mouthful for Nigger, Jerry's big black cat, which seemed a pity, for Nigger could have eaten it just as well with its scales all on.

Still Jerry didn't get discouraged. There were fish in that lake, he knew, and nice big ones, for Big Brother had been out in a boat with the older boys several times and had brought back fish enough for supper. Mother thought Jerry was too small to go out with the big boys, and anyway they didn't ask him, but he made up his mind just the same that he was going to fish till he got enough for supper, too.



Two Famous Temperance Workers.

TWO of the most widely known workers for temperance are shown in these pictures. Frances E. Willard was for many years leader of the White Ribbon host. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was eminent as a lecturer who often spoke on temperance and always and everywhere worked for it. Miss Willard's gift was especially the power to organize. For many years she was president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and she founded the World's W. C. T. U. By her rare magnetism and power of persuasive speech she won many people to the cause she loved. Through her the

women of the world were first banded together to fight a great evil.

Mrs. Livermore had greater power as a public speaker. Indeed, it is probable that no woman has yet appeared who had so wonderful a gift of oratory as was hers. With mental vigor, a rich and penetrating voice, a wide range of interests, and sturdy health, she was a power for good in many lines of public activity. Miss Willard belonged to the Methodist church, Mrs. Livermore to the Unitarian. Both set a high standard of womanhood for the girls of our land.

Big Brother, of course, began to tease, as big brothers will; and Big Sister began to giggle when she saw him start off with his fish-pole and basket. Even Father used to smile and inquire, "How much a pound are fish to-day?" but Mother, bless her heart, just patted him on the shoulder and said: "That's right, Son. Stick to it. Perseverance is better than whole boat-loads of fish."

Then Uncle Jim came down to visit, and Jerry thought he'd gladly give up Christmas and birthday and Fourth of July for ten years if he could only just once bring home a basket full of fish for Uncle Jim's supper.

For Uncle Jim was a famous fisherman himself and owned a wonderful camp in the heart of the Adirondacks, where he went every year with a party of friends who were "real sportsmen." Even Father thought it a great honor to be invited to go to Uncle Jim's camp, and Big Brother was longing to be a man, so he could have a hope of going, too.

Of course, Uncle Jim heard all about Jerry's fishing in a day or two, for that was the favorite family joke by now. Being a fisherman himself, however, he knew how to sympathize, and he didn't laugh at all, but told a story about the hard luck he'd had all one summer when he was a boy.

Then everybody got to talking about the Adirondacks, and Jerry slipped out of the

room with very red cheeks and a firmer resolve than ever to catch a fish for Uncle Jim.

But luck certainly wasn't on Jerry's side. The next morning he went out of the back door to avoid Brother's teasing and Sister's giggles and Father's smile, but the basket came back empty just the same. Jerry threw the pole clear across the porch and sat down in a discouraged little heap on the steps; but that afternoon he picked it up carefully and started off down the usual path.

"Still game, eh?" called Uncle Jim after him, and Jerry nodded proudly. "Yes, Uncle Jim, still game." But still no fish!

The next morning they all went sailing and the next afternoon they went over to Beach Park to see the sights, and Uncle Jim was leaving the next day after that, so Jerry started out bright and early with the basket.

Uncle Jim had been up still earlier, however, and he called out: "I'd go up the other way, Jerry, behind that big rock. It looks like better fishing up there to me."

Then when everybody else had gone out he called Mother into his room and showed her a fine large fish flopping around in a pail of water. "I went out in the boat early this morning, and caught it," he whispered. "That plucky chap deserves a little help by this time."

Mother clapped her hands, and in a little

while you would have seen Uncle Jim tiptoeing to the back side of the big rock and laying a flopping, lively fish down in the shade where Jerry couldn't miss it when he started for home.

Then he tiptoed back to a hiding place where he could keep track of what was going on.

By and by, Jerry came creeping around the corner of the rock with every drooping line of his little body telling the same tale as his empty basket. Suddenly he caught sight of the fish and with a cry of joy he pounced upon it and put it in the little basket, which it filled almost full. Then he started on the dead run for home, shouting, "Mother, mother, mother!"

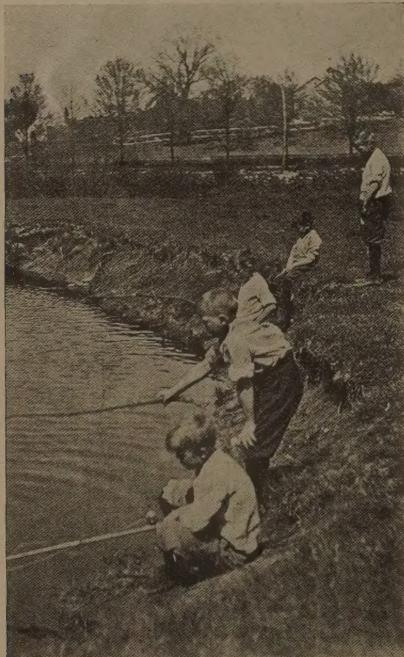


Photo by Jay Satterlee.

"Jerry would sit for hours with his line dangling in the water."

All at once he stopped running. Then he walked more and more slowly and by and by he turned suddenly, ran back as hard as he could, and threw the fish far out into the water.

At lunch time Brother and Sister and even Father made their usual jokes about having another helping of Jerry's fish, but Jerry said never a word, though his cheeks were red as roses.

"Jerry," said Uncle Jim, suddenly, "didn't I see you coming up the path with a fine large fish in your basket? What's become of it? I hoped you were bringing it home for my lunch."

Jerry raised his head. "Uncle Jim," he said bravely, "I didn't catch that fish. I just found it. I wanted terribly to bring that fish home and make believe it was mine, but—but— You see, Uncle Jim, it wouldn't have been just square, would it?"

Uncle Jim reached his hand way across the table. "Shake, old man," he cried heartily. "I'm proud to have you for a nephew. What's more, I've been looking for a real sportsman to take with me up to my camp next week, and, by George! I've found one, if he is only ten years old. Will you go with me, Jerry?"

Bobbie Robin's Mistake.

WHEN Bobbie Robin and his sister Speckles ran away one afternoon they thought that no one saw them; but their mother, sitting very high up in a pine tree, noted well the way they went.

They had been left to practice their music lessons, and who ever knew a child that liked to practice? Very quietly, for young robins, they slipped through the bushes and flew over to the meadow where the iris grew.

"Let's get up here on the post and see what's going on," said Bobbie.

"No," decided Speckles, "I'd rather stay down on the ground. I hear a worm over there, and I think it is a big one."

"Well, stay if you want to," said Bobbie, "but I'm going to look." And up he flew on the post and looked about him.

It did not take Bobbie Robin long to find out that he and his sister were not the only children in the meadow.

Clinging to the fence, not very far away, was a little bird-boy dressed in a strikingly handsome suit. The back of his coat was brown mottled with black. On the back of his neck was a brilliant scarlet collar. His black tail was lined with yellow, and when he moved his wings Bobbie could see that they, too, had the same bright lining, yellow as gold.

"Oh, Speckles, come up here!" he urged. "Here's a fellow all fixed up in a party suit."

Speckles hastily scrambled up on the post beside her brother to see the sight. "I guess that must be young Woodpecker that Mother said lives in a hole high up in the old oak tree. My, Bobbie, doesn't he look handsome!" she exclaimed admiringly.

"Pooh!" cried Bobbie Robin scornfully, "he's a backwoodsman anyhow! He's only a woodpecker, sis, if he is all fixed up. His folk have been in the lumber business for years."

"It must pay them well," said Speckles.

"Guess they're dreadfully wealthy people. Mother says they are called the Golden-wings."

The young woodpecker was so busy getting ants from the fence where he clung, that at first he did not notice the Robin children. At last he caught sight of them and bowed very politely, as is the manner of woodpeckers the world over. But because he was trying to keep his balance as he bowed, he fluttered out his wings and showed their golden lining.

"Doesn't he think he's a swell!" said Bobbie, unkindly. "Guess he wants to show off. He's making fun of us 'cause he's dressed up and we aren't."

"Oh hush, Bobbie," murmured Speckles, greatly taken up with the stranger's fine clothes, as girls often are, "he'll hear you. Don't you wish you had a lovely red collar like his! He's really quite grown up, isn't he?"

Now Bobbie Robin had been teasing only that morning for a red waistcoat like his father's. But his parents had decided that he must wear his speckled tier a while longer. "Young robins never dress like their fathers at first," he was told. "Nearly all small birds have to wait a season before they put on their grown-up suits." He felt rather sulky about it for he was indeed fully as large as his parents.

He did not at all like to hear his sister praising the stranger. He felt very cross. He hopped about on the post.

"Pooh, Speckles!" he scorned. "He isn't

grown up. He's got on a bib! See, he's wearing a bib like any baby!" If Bobby had only been older and seen more of the world, he never would have made such a funny mistake.

Speckles gazed in wonder. "Why-ee!" she cried. It was true that with his gay party clothes young Golden-wing wore a large black crescent on his breast.

"Hi!" called Bobbie, shouting at the stranger. "Forgot to take off your bib, didn't you?"

Golden-wing, in his surprise at the rude child, fluttered his wings once more, and Bobbie Robin thought he was trying to show off again.

"Oh, 'fore I'd wear a bib! Oh, 'fore I'd wear a bib!" he called, laughing loudly.

Golden-wing's father, who was near by, heard the noise, and, thinking there was trouble, came quickly.

When Bobbie saw him he was much frightened. Mr. Golden-wing looked hard at the young Robin. "So he thinks you've got on a bib, does he?" he asked his son. "He takes our beautiful black necklaces that have been in the family for ages for bibs! Well, well, that's a good joke! I must tell your mother," and he laughed and laughed, the way woodpeckers do.

Poor Bobbie Robin! When he dared to look at Mr. Golden-wing he saw that he, too, wore proudly a handsome black crescent on his breast. In fact, young Golden-wing was dressed in a suit exactly like his father's, and had been since the day he came out of the nursery-nest. He was one of the few small birds that did not have to wait for their grown-up suits.

Oh, how ashamed Bobbie Robin felt to think he had not known what a necklace was when he saw one!

"Never mind, son," he heard Mr. Golden-wing say, "that Robin boy is young yet, and has much to learn. He'll be wiser when he gets off his speckled tier and into his red waistcoat. Remember, son, only ignorant or ill-mannered people ever criticise the dress of others."

Bobbie did not wait to hear more. He hurried home as fast as he could go, and Speckles followed him.

LYLE WARD SANDERSON,
in *Sunday School Times*.

The Wonderful Kelp-Fish.

BY WALTER K. PUTNEY.

OFF the coast of Santa Catalina, on our Pacific coast, is a wonderful fish which is known as the kelp-fish because of its remarkable resemblance to kelp. Even its length is that of most kelp leaves, about a foot or fifteen inches, and the dorsal or back fin is "crinkled" just like a kelp leaf.

Very likely you may wonder how this fish feeds. It does not dart hither and yon, here and there, as other finny brothers do, but it keeps quite still, standing on its head on or near the bottom, taking the position assumed by the leaves in which it is hiding, and waving its body to and fro just as the current moves the kelp. Unsuspectingly, small sea organisms approach, and the kelp-fish simply opens his mouth as they approach and sucks them in with a current of water. It is very simple, and the poor organisms do not realize that they are going to be eaten; they just imagine they have entered a current of water a little swifter than usual, that's all!

PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS

I Can.

When "I can't" would come and stay
And bother you all day,
Drive him out with all your might,
My sturdy little man.
His muscle is so weak,
And, in truth, he's rather meek.
You can flout him, you can scout him,
You can altogether rout him
With a strong "I can, I can!"

ANNA M. PRATT,
in Youth's Companion.

The Proud Steamboat.

BY KATE LOUISE BROWN.

ONCE there was a big boat, very big, very red,—a steamboat and a proud one. It thought that there was no boat in the whole harbor so wonderful as itself, and it looked down in scorn on all the other craft.

Once there was a tiny boat that went by steam also. It was painted a dull gray, but its name was on its side in bright scarlet letters, "P-L-U-C-K."

Now the little boat was a busy, cheerful boat, polite and kindly to every one. It was not a proud boat, oh, no, indeed! It was just anxious to do its work well and be friendly.

Every day the Proud Steamer and "Pluck" met in the harbor, and the little boat always spoke a cheery "Good morning," but the other boat never paid the least attention to the greeting.

It held its head high and went past with a haughty "Poof-oof! Poof-oof!"

One day, however, it said angrily, "I forbid you to speak to me again. Who are you, impudent little upstart? Have we ever been introduced? But that is like those of your kind: you have no fine feeling."

"I am sorry," said little "Pluck," meekly. "I did not mean to be impudent. I only wanted to be friendly."

"I do not need your friendliness," said the Proud Boat, loftily. "We are of different spheres. In the future keep your own place."

"I will remember," said the little boat, soberly.

After this the Proud Boat went up and down the harbor even more filled with a sense of its own importance. The little boat kept on its way quietly, and tried not to think of unpleasant things. But one day something happened! The Proud Boat went a little out of her usual course. Perhaps some one was careless. At any rate—bump! bump!

"Poof-poof-poof-poof! I must get out of this," said the steamer. "What is the matter? Poof-oof-oof! Why don't my wheels go round as fast as usual? Poof-oof, my fires are going out! The water is coming in! Poof-oof-f-f-f!"

"Hold on, I'm coming," cried a cheery little voice, and "Pluck" came steaming down to the rescue.

"Get out of my way," screamed the Proud Boat. "Didn't I tell you not to speak to me?"

"I'm going to help you."

"You! A little upstart like *you* help me? If I didn't feel so queer, I'd run you down!"

"I can try at least. Puff-uff-uff-uff," and the little boat fastened

boat just returning from taking a big ocean liner out of the harbor.

"Good morning, dear friend," said the steamer, cordially.

"Oh, good morning! I'm glad to see you out once more. Are you quite recovered?"

"Yes, indeed! I have been in the hospital over at the dry docks, and am entirely well now. I am grateful to you for all you did for me."

"That's nothing. It's my business. Every tug must do its duty," said "Pluck," hastily.

"But I was not kind to you and I am ashamed," said the steamer, in low tones. "When one is ill it gives plenty of time for reflection. I ask your pardon and beg you to be my friend."

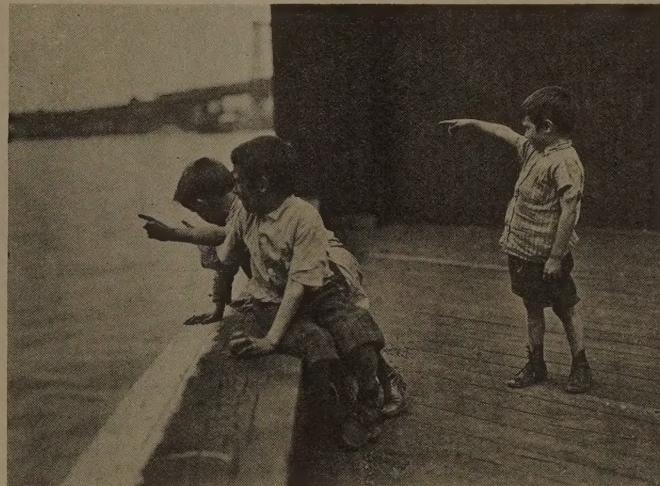


Photo by Whelan.

WATCHING "PLUCK" TOWING THE PROUD BOAT IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

itself to the big, sulky boat. "Puff-uff-uff-uff!"

"Why, I'm going!" cried the Proud Boat.

"Yes, indeed! I'm taking you."

"I don't believe it! A little boat like *you*?"

"Yes, I'm doing it. Don't you know I'm a tugboat? It's my business to take big boats—ocean steamers—out of our harbor. I'll take you safely to your own wharf. Don't worry! You are not hurt enough but I can manage it. Puff-puff-f-f-f, don't worry, ff-ff-ff! It isn't such a great distance."

And sure enough in a short time the Proud Boat was tied up at her own place.

It was some days before she was mended and able to make her usual trips. The very first time she went down to the beach she met the tug-

"Gladly! gladly! Now let us say no more," said the little tugboat, cordially.

"Poof-oof-oof-oof-oof!"

"Puff-uff-uff-f-f."

"Poof-oof! Puff-uff! Poof-puff-oof-uff-f-f-f-f!"

The Foolish Boy.

Once a careless little boy
Lost his ball at play;
And because his ball was gone,
Threw his bat away.

Yes, he did a foolish thing,
You and I agree;

But I know another boy
Not more wise than he.

He is old, this other boy,
Old and wise as you;
Yet, because he lost his kite,
He lost his temper, too.

Selected.

THE BEACON

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From the Editor to You.

World's Temperance Sunday. Sunday, November 8, will be observed in all the Sunday schools of the world as Temperance Sunday. It is hoped that our paper may help some of our readers to be more eager and ready for the day's observance. Free literature, songs, and leaflets for the use of schools will be sent on application to Rev. Howard H. Russell, General Secretary Lincoln Lee Department, Westerville, Ohio.

An Arab Fable. The Arabs tell a little story about a miller and a camel. Once upon a time a miller was taking a nap in his house. As he awoke, he was startled to see the nose of a camel thrust through a crack in the door. "Keep out!" said the miller. "It is very cold," said the camel. "I want only to get my nose warm." So the miller, being a good-natured man, said no more, and went to sleep again.

Then the camel pushed in his neck. "What are you doing?" cried the miller. "There is room enough," said the camel. "It seems more friendly to put my head inside." "Very well, but you must get out when I tell you," said the miller.

Next the camel pushed his shoulders through the half-open door. "It is raining," he said; "I want to keep dry." The miller, good, easy man, thought that a real reason, and let him stay. "But you must not come any farther," he warned. He had scarcely turned away, when the camel pushed his whole body into the room. Then the miller was very uncomfortable with the great animal in his little room. "It is too crowded here; you must get out!" "No, no!" said the saucy beast. "I am very comfortable here. If you find it too crowded, you may go, for I shall stay."

So the Arabs have a proverb, "Keep out the camel's nose, lest he thrust in his whole body."

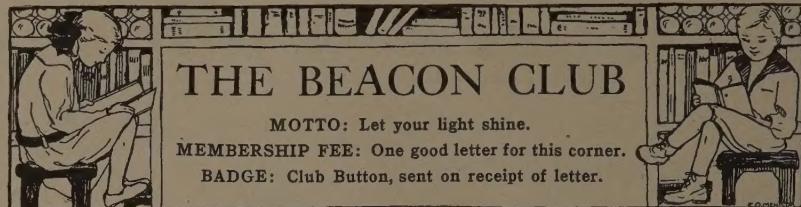
The habit of intemperance is like the crafty camel. Quite unnoticed, when one is off his guard, it gains an entrance. Alcohol, at first man's servant, may so easily become his master. The steadfast will to resist temptation, that it is for which we should pray and strive.

Keep out the camel's nose!

*God! thou art Mind!
Unto the Master-mind
Mind should be precious.*

*God! thou art Love!
I build my faith on that.*

ROBERT BROWNING.



THE BEACON CLUB

MOTTO: Let your light shine.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: One good letter for this corner.

BADGE: Club Button, sent on receipt of letter.

Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THIS time our members shall have a story written for them by Kate F. Hall (twelve years old), of Clinton, Mass.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

IN THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION.

It was a cold day in February. A young girl of about sixteen was seated at her spinning wheel. She was the daughter of one of the many soldiers who were fighting for liberty.

A faint rap was heard at the door. The young girl ran to open it. Outside was a man of about forty-five. He was dressed in full uniform for war. The young girl flung her arms around his neck, and cried, "Father! Father! Can it truly be you?"

"Where is mother, child?" asked the eager man, who was the father of Ethel White. "It seems good to be back once more in the good old log-cabin which has held us for so many years."

"Mother's gone to the grist-mill to have the wheat ground. How long can you stay, father?"

"Only until the snowstorm clears off," he answered. "The British will be hunting for me. For you know as long as we are in Canada I will be expected to fight against the red, white, and blue, which would also be against my wishes."

Just then Ethel looked out of the window.

"Father, I see red coats marching towards our house. Come, get down there where we keep the butter."

A rug was pulled up, then a loose board from the floor, and the father was hidden in the space below. Soon board and rug were replaced, the spinning-wheel put over them, and young Ethel set to work spinning.

Soon a rap was heard at the door. "Come in," she heard her voice say. In marched an English commander.

"I've come in search of John White. This is his home, I believe. He was seen in the village to-day, so he must be here. John White will soon be one of us," he said.

(To be continued.)

Fun.

The mistress of the house listened with a puzzled expression to a street-vender who was calling, "Rags and bottles! Rags and bottles!"

"Why, do you suppose," she said to her husband, "they put those words together?"

"Because," he replied, "wherever you find bottles you find rags."

St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

Dicky Turner, an early advocate of temperance in rural England, was an impassioned speaker, and often made the blunders which, if made by an Irishman, would be called "bulls." Here is one of them:

"We will go with our axes on our shoulders and plow up the great deep; and then the ship of temperance shall sail gallantly over the land."

An old fishing dory, says an exchange, wrecked beyond use, lay among the weeds and grasses at the edge of a lake. An advertiser, seeing his chance, painted on its side, "Use so-and-so's whisky." An observer, who saw more, painted under it, "I did, and became the wreck you see."

Judge Ben B. Lindsay, the reformer, of Denver, was lunching one day,—it was very warm,—when a politician paused beside the table.

"Judge," said the politician, "I see you're drinkin' hot coffee. That's a heatin' drink."

"Yes?" said Judge Lindsay.

"Oh, yes. In this weather you want iced drinks, judge—sharp, iced drinks. Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the judge, smiling, "but I've tried several fellows who have."

To be saved is only this,
Salvation from our selfishness.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

RECREATION CORNER.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S RIDDLE.

(The answers are parts of the human body.)

Part II.

16. It boasts of two halls or places of worship.
17. Some weapons of warfare.
18. In this box you can find a number of weather-cocks.
19. A piece of English money.
20. An article used by artists.
21. A pair of blades without handles.
22. A letter of the alphabet furnished with bows.
23. The steps of a hotel are also found in this box.
24. Two scholars are found in this box.
25. The House of Commons resounds with two of its essential articles on the eve of a decision.
26. Ten Spanish grandees.
27. A product of camphor.
28. A boat used in rowing.
29. Used in crossing a river.
30. Used in churches.

HERMANN H. HOWARD.

ENIGMA X.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 8, 16, 12, 14, 8, is a character in Dickens'
Oliver Twist.
My 3, 6, 10, 5, is one of the Muses.
My 11, 7, 13, 2, 15, 7, 9, is a character in Shake-
speare's *Tempest*.
My 4, 10, 1, is a Hebrew measure of liquids.
My whole is the title of a book.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 3.

ENIGMA V.—He who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

ENIGMA VI.—Little Lord Fauntleroy.

ENIGMA VII.—Beautiful.

A BIBLE CHARADE.—Canaan (Cane—Ann).

HIDDEN FRUITS.—1. Melon. 2. Apple. 3. Peach.

4. Plum. 5. Pear. 6. Lemon. 7. Orange. 8. Banana. 9. Quince. 10. Cherry.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because every watch has a spring in it. 2. Untied. 3. A hole.

HIDDEN SHAKESPEARIAN CHARACTERS.—1. Iago.

2. Lear. 3. Bianca. 4. Portia. 5. Goneril. 6. Othello. 7. Hamlet. 8. Cordelia. 9. Angelo. 10. Desdemona.